

# STONE WALLS

History and Folklore



SPRING, 1992

\$2.50



Some of you may wonder — if no evidence of a coal tower predecessor exists, (*The Chester Coal Tower*, page 2) — why even mention it? This is sometimes known as a fishing expedition. Any knowledge of history can always be colored further, enhanced, or brought to light by the memories of others. It's for this reason that the board is constantly urging readers to write with their recollections of local lore — be it an area we have covered, or something you feel deserving of our attention. *Stone Walls* aims to be of, for and *by* the readership.

Valuable historical knowledge exists out there: in memories, bureau drawers or attic chests. Much of it risks being lost if not documented. Most vulnerable of all is the personal memory.

You need not be 'able to write,' as our staff can compile and edit any assemblage of notes. It would be easy to speak into a cassette recorder, or with ubiquitousness of video recorders, tape yourself while you reminisce in your favorite chair. (Tapes will be returned if requested.)

Everyone has memories worth sharing — send us yours.

— David Pierce

*Cover illustration by David Pierce*

STONE WALLS

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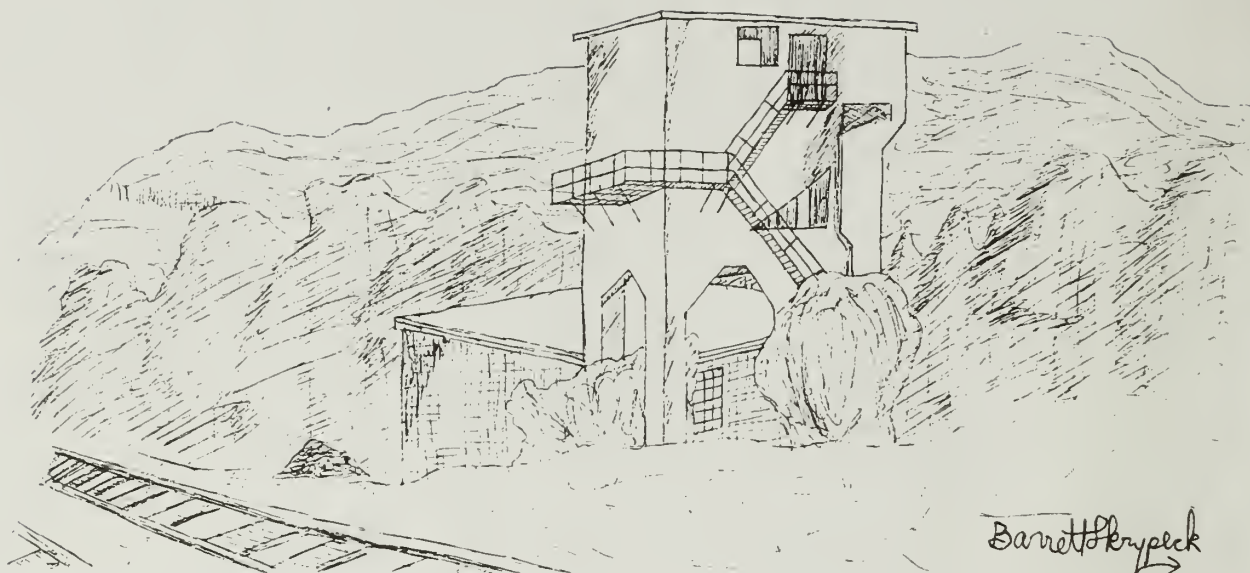
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1992 STONE WALLS

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## The Chester Coal Tower

When one comes across this monolithic structure in Chester, it looks like something on another planet; it might as well be, it is so far removed from it's own world. This is a 50-100 ton coaling station built in the early 1930s, undoubtedly to replace an earlier wooden structure, although as yet, no photos or anecdotal evidence of such a predecessor has been unearthed. In the 1940s the largest steam power carried sixteen tons of coal. As there were often 5 or more engines serviced and steaming in Chester awaiting the call to push trains up the mountain, it becomes apparent that an incredible amount of coal passed through this tower daily.

The cover drawing depicts how the loaded hopper cars were emptied through a space between the rails into a below ground bunker. The coal was lifted by a belt with scoops along its length up the shaft to the left. It was dumped, as the belt headed back down, into the main body of the tower. The slanted bottom of the coal pocket allowed gravity feed into the tenders of locos pulled up alongside. In this late 1948 scene, it happens to be a 'Berkshire' type, named for the hills where they were first tested in 1925. The standpipe at right dispensed water pumped from the river, also vital. The brand new E-7 locomotives by Electro-Motive division of General

Motors, gliding past on the point of 'The New England States Limited' lack the evocative names of the steamers, fittingly illustrating the clinical efficiency with which they would supplant them. They represent a technology so advanced that they and their brethren would, on the short side of ten years, be responsible for the scrapping of 99 percent of all steam nationwide, with one diesel replacing 2-3 coalburners. This was an industrial upheaval of unimaginable scale and a magnitude never seen in our nation's history before or since. Remote outposts like Chester, which at it's peak in the 1920s had close to 100 jobs, were first to go — scant months after the introduction of internal combustion.

The coal tipple, as they were also known, was saved from the wrecker's ball because the Hamilton plant, the present owner, had hoped to use it as a storage bin for the ore they process. The ore proved too heavy for the lifting mechanism, however, and the tower began its long dormancy.

A limited number of 11x17 prints of the cover drawing on heavy white stock, suitable for framing, are available from the Chester Foundation at \$20 each. Proceeds benefit the station restoration project.

—Dave Pierce



# The Making of A Doctor - 1922

*By Carol Laun*

The Yale Medical School was already a prestigious institution by 1822. The two year Medical School was established in 1812. A competent and demanding staff of professors like Jonathan Knight, Benjamin Silliman, Nathan Smith, and Eli Ives, insured high standards in the school.

However, medical teaching was obviously limited by medical knowledge which was, in some instances, barely out of the Dark Ages.

The Salmon Brook Historical Society of Granby, Connecticut has a notebook covered with hand-stenciled wallpaper, containing the notes taken by Yale medical student Jairus Case, 20, of Barkhamsted, in 1822. His teacher was the eminent Dr. Nathan Smith, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic Surgery and Obstetrics.

Smith was born in Massachusetts in 1762 and raised on a frontier farm in Vermont. He was teaching school in 1782 when a doctor asked him to assist in an amputation and Smith decided to change careers.

In 1790, he got his degree from Harvard, then the only medical school in America, and later studied in London. Smith founded the Dartmouth Medical School, taught at Yale, and helped start medical schools at Bowdoin College, University of Vermont, and Jefferson Medical College.

According to "The Doctors of Yale College" by Herbert Thoms, "He did more for the general advancement of medicine and surgical practice than any of his predecessors or contemporaries in this country."

Despite his fame as a surgeon, Dr. Smith only charged 50 cents for house calls and \$5 for most surgical operations.

Smith' lectures to the fledgling doctors were derived from the best medical knowledge available at the time. They were a

mixture of hearsay, advice based on the experiences of only one or two patients, experimentation with a variety of potent (and sometimes deadly) preparations and frequent recourse to the old standbys - bleeding, blistering, emetics, and cathartics.

Doctors were beginning to avoid most of the "home remedies" passed down through the ages by the village wise women. There was a heavy reliance on chemicals and metals rather than the roots, leaves, and berries of Nature. Physicians unknowingly poisoned their patients with mercury, arsenic, lead, or corrosive sublimate (mercury boiled with sulfuric acid and salt) either by mouth or injection.

Dr. Smith believed that every disease has a specific cause. "Our success in practice depends much on our discriminating diseases." This basic truth was hampered by the ideas prevalent at the time; some correct, some partially accurate and some ludicrous in the light of current medical knowledge.

The lecture notes taken by young Jairus Case cover a wide variety of medical problems. Dr. Smith had a particular antipathy to Hysteria. He felt it was a "disease peculiar to females" between puberty and menopause. "It attacks the unmarried more frequently than the married and those who are barren more than those who have borne children."

Smith advised ordering treatment (if any) in a "preemptory manner in the hearing of the patient." He felt neglect was the best treatment, although "I knew one patient was cured by flagellation."

Hysteria, Smith believed, was caused by a "perverse disposition" and abetted by alcohol. "They fall insensibly, clench the throat with their hands and it is best generally to let them alone. I generally leave the house as

soon as I find the patient is affected with Hysteria."

The doctor chauvenistically added that sometimes men had the same symptoms but they were suffering from mental problems and required treatment.

Perhaps the hysterical women were fortunate to be ignored, considering the treatment of insanity in the early 19th century. There was some improvement over the belief that the afflicted was "possessed by the devil" — but not much.

Idiotism was believed to be caused by disease, including epilepsy — a misdiagnosis that caused discrimination against epileptics for centuries. Intemperance was thought to cause insanity which led to Idiotism. However, Dr. Smith observed that "sometimes men outlived their minds and there is no remedy."

Smith defined insanity as a "state of mind in which the person reasons correctly from wrong principles (starves himself through fear he will be poisoned)." He said the insane are always aware of their identity as opposed to people suffering from delirium.

In a curious aside, Smith pontificated, "If we were to judge strictly of moral rectitude I believe we should find out but few who are not insane. There are but few who do not reason from erroneous premises concerning certain things." (Presumably Dr. Nathan Smith was one of the chosen few.)

The doctor realized that insanity could be general or just on one subject, could affect either sex and he believed it was hereditary. He taught that insanity could be caused by occupation, sudden losses, grief, moral causes or "sudden acquisitions of a large amount of property."

He admitted that the study of the state of the brain in Insanity was "in the dark." Doctors felt insane persons could bear hunger and cold longer and that those affected had too much blood going to the head.

Treatment for insanity included placing the patient among strangers they would "respect and obey." Bleeding from the temporal artery,

evacuants, narcotics and tonics were advised. Smith said emetics had been recommended "from time immemorial" and Tartrite of Antimony (an emetic metal) should be used in up to ten times the usual dosage. He added that mercury was not beneficial for nervous diseases, "it sometimes produces insanity."

Many of the recommended treatments are contradictory. "Strong narcotics and Antispasmodics have been beneficial but frequently injurious." Opium should be given in full doses but "sometimes does harm." Large doses of Camphor would produce a kind of apoplectic fit "sometimes without permanent injury."

The narcotic stramonius (from thorn apple or jimson weed) was suggested to produce dilation of the pupils. Tonics such as Nitrate of Silver and Arsenic were also used for the insane. Other treatments included cold and warm baths, blisters on the soles of the feet and cold applied to the head. The theory was that irritation should be distant from the head and the cold would counteract the heat in the head.

Finally, the doctor recommended "whirling the patient so as to produce vertigo for a cure."

Dr. Smith's lectures on the diagnosis and treatment of other diseases of the nervous system contained the same incongruous blend of careful observation coupled with ignorance and misinformation.

Apoplexy (stroke), according to Dr. Smith, usually affected those past middle age and those with large heads and short necks. Copious bleedings from the jugular vein or temporal artery were recommended, along with cathartics. If the apoplexy was caused by "overloading the stomach or improper food", the treatment was emetics and touching a hot iron to the head and other body parts.

When lecturing on paralysis, Dr. Smith discounted most of the usual treatments of external applications or electric shocks and admitted that "patients get well about as quick without remedies as with."

Smith was rather casual about Tetanus, having treated only two cases — both fatal.



He realized (without knowing why) that bleeding a patient could cause tetanus, but believed that certain people had a "predisposition to the disease." He said Tobacco as a treatment would be "as good as any" although he would rather inject Stramonium Alcohol and Emetic Arsenic with wine.

For Epilepsy, Smith advocated a scattergun approach with a myriad of medicines — opium, nitrate of silver, acetate of lead, stramonium, zinc and iron preparations along with that old faithful — bleeding.

Frequently, throughout the lectures, Smith would mention that "have sometimes done good but generally are useless or hurtful," or "succeeded in one case and failed in another." Medicine was not an exact science in 1822.

Dr. Smith approached diseases of the Sanguiferous System (involving blood) with methods which would be considered barbaric today. Infections or abscesses were treated by injecting stimulating substances (pepper, mustard seeds or whiskey) and compression. A fermenting poultice composed of malt and rye flour with yeast was used for gangrene.

Ophthalmia (inflammation of the eye) caused by "long and close inspection of tiny objects or by exposure to intense light and heat," was treated by the application of 8 or 10 leeches a day. This was followed by egg whites, a brandy rinse and spermaceti ointment.

Smith thought Gastritis (inflammation of the stomach) was caused by something swallowed or by a blow or injury to the stomach which "generally proves immediately fatal." Bleeding and opium were prescribed along with a blister (hot mustard poultice or am-

monia liniment) on the stomach.

Enteritis (inflammation of the intestinal tract) required bleeding from large orifices for intestinal wounds and injections of cold water. "In a case where there was a severe contusion with much inflammation, I injected one pint of the coldest water that could be found and it gave much relief and the patient recovered."

If any patients survived the recommended treatment for pneumonia, it would probably be due to luck or a very hardy constitution. Bleeding was done every 6 to 8 hours for two days, each time until the patient looked pale. Dr. Smith then advised an emetic, a large blister over the lungs, antimony to cause sweating, cold water to drink and, mercifully, opium for the cough.

The medical lectures at Yale also covered Odontalgia, "a rheumatic affection attacking teeth and jaws." Dr. Smith felt that the teeth were not defective and should be treated by blisters on the jaw, emetics, acrid substance on the gums and teeth, cloves in the tooth covered by lint, chewing yarrow root, caustic potash (Lye) or a hot iron applied to the aching tooth or applying wire hot enough to burn the flesh to the tooth. (Just reading about the treatment fairly makes one's teeth ache!)

Jairus Case graduated the following year (1823) and practiced medicine in Torrington, Connecticut for 8 years before moving to Granby. His medical ledgers list frequent bleedings and many prescriptions for opium and alcohol. He avoided most of the aggressive methods recommended by Dr. Nathan Smith, his professor at Yale.

Perhaps Dr. Case followed an earlier medical dictum, "First, do no harm."



# The Dress in the Chest

*By Jean Hansen*

Amorette Childs is a special eighty-eight year old woman who thrilled me one day when she presented me with a charming and quaint old dress which had belonged to her great-grandmother, Augusta Poindexter of Windsor, Connecticut. Amorette took great delight in sharing stories about her great-grandmother whom she visited often as a child. This kindly lady never used a cross word and always treated her as someone very special.

Amorette recalled that John A. Poindexter, Augusta's husband, had walked all the way from New Hampshire with his cow and one hundred dollars to seek his fortune. It seems he found it when he met and married Amorette's great-grandmother, Augusta, a prize indeed. On a small farm they raised their vegetables and a cash crop of tobacco. They had three children, two girls and one boy. One of the girls, Viola, became Amorette's grandmother.

When Abraham Lincoln passed through Hartford, Amorette's grandmother, then a little girl, was lifted up on her father's shoulders so she could get a glimpse of this famous man. This little girl became the mother of eleven children when she grew up and married George Riley Porter. One of the daughters, Maude Augusta Porter, became Amorette's mother. She would often take Amorette to stay with her great-grandmother, the owner of the dress in the chest. The dress was black with yellow dots, surrounded by a streak of royal blue and red. It buttoned down the front to below the waist. It was pleated in the back with a strap to gather it in below the waist so

the pleat went all the way from the yoke to the ruffle on the bottom. To our eyes it is an elaborate garment, but this was considered a morning dress to be worn at home doing housework before anyone came to call.

Amorette found it in the attic in a homemade chest and asked her great-grandmother if she could have it. The left sleeve was ripped. She took material from a pocket and sewed it in so that you can't tell where it was ripped - at least with a casual glance. She was trying to be as skillful and particular as her great-grandmother.

Great-grandmother always answered her questions and took her by the hand to include her in whatever she was doing. Amorette recalls going to the chicken coop with her. Watching the rooster chase the chickens and hop on them she asked, "What's that old rooster doing to those poor hens?"

Great-grandmother Poindexter replied calmly, "Well, my dear, they are only mating." Amorette remembers that she didn't know anymore than before, but she had been treated as an important little person.

I am delighted to have the dress from the chest, because she clearly loved her great-grandmother. Amorette feels that she influenced her more than anyone, because she treated her as a person to be trusted; as reasonably intelligent.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if more people had a great-grandmother like Grandma Poindexter whose dress I delight in wearing on occasions while reminiscing about this special lady?







**Times and News Letter  
Wednesday, September 30, 1903**

Editor's note: We realize that the punctuation in this piece is 'not up to modern standards'; however, since this is the way it was written in 1903 - we decided to leave it as originally printed.

**MONTGOMERY**

The Hampden County town of greater altitude than magnitude, built on the sky line, where cool breezes blow. An ideal summer home. A community of farmers, and a town with a good record.

Onward and upward! That is the motto one must adopt, if he would travel to the high-built old town of Montgomery whose inhabitants live so far above the majority of people of the good old Bay State.

When, after the close of the last French and English war, Ephraim Avery and his family removed from the town of Westfield, and made their way up into the mountains, to the westward, to establish a home, they constituted, the advance guard of what was destined to be a prosperous New England farming community. Here they and their followers, found the land fertile and productive, and the locality soon became known as the "New Addition" to Westfield, whence came nearly all the first settlers. As the place grew, the people expressed a desire to be set apart as a new town. They found it inconvenient to travel the long distance to Westfield or the other adjoining towns, to transact business, to attend elections, etc., so in 1780, there being then about 400 inhabitants, they besought the General Court to set apart territory, and have

a town incorporated by the name of Montgomery, in honor of the brave Revolutionary patriot, General Richard Montgomery, who was killed in battle before the walls of Quebec in 1775.

From the earliest years of its history, Montgomery has been an agricultural town. There being no considerable water power available and the cost of transportation of raw material and finished products to and from the railroad centers being so great, manufacturing could not get a hold there, and the advent of the railroads in adjoining towns, especially in Westfield, had a tendency to draw by degrees from the population, so that in 1900, Montgomery had less than half the number of inhabitants that dwelt in the town one hundred years ago, at which time, the place seems to have reached the zenith of its growth and power. Like many others of our New England hill towns, Montgomery has experienced a decadence, but its loss has been the gain of the larger towns and cities whither her sons and daughters have gone to add their good influence to society and do their share in the world's work and those who remain upon the farms, parents, grandparents, and other relatives, point with pride to the achievements of the children of the hills, who have gone down to the country's great metropolis, to the new West, and even to foreign lands, and there achieved fame and fortune, in the professions, in mercantile life, and in the world of invention.

Among the names closely identified with the history of Montgomery may be mentioned: Avery, Squier, Clapp, Allyn, Parks, Moore, Pettis, Kagwin, Pitcher, French, Fel-



lows, Bosworth, Wattles, Barret, Falley, Mal-lory, Palmer, Chapman, Andrews, Root, Rice, Taylor, Herrick, Adams, Washburn, Coe, Wil-lison, Clark and Kelso.

The population of the town at various periods is shown by the following extracts from the federal and state census reports: 1790, 449; 1800, 560; 1810, 595; 1820, 604; 1830, 579; 1840, 740; 1850, 393; 1855, 413; 1860, 371; 1865, 353; 1870, 318; 1875, 304; 1880, 303; 1885, 278; 1890, 266; 1895, 275; 1900, 273. These figures tell their own story, and the numerous cellar holes and abandoned acres scattered over the town show a gradual reverting to the condition of the original wilderness, a condition which the remaining inhabitants frankly acknowledge. To their credit be it said, those that remain are industrious, thrifty and have well kept and prosperous looking homes and productive farms. There are no paupers nor vicious people within the limits of the town. All are self-sustaining, tending strictly to their own affairs; and disorder and breach of law are of rare occurrence, so that the stalwart constable finds little to do during his official term, in the way of dealings with wrong doers.

Montgomery may be reached by a number of highways leading up to the town from various points of the compass. Going from Westfield, the main route is over Prospect hill through Wyben and up the mountain by a steep climb to the center. Then there is Pitcher Street which skirts the top of the high range bounding Wyben on the West, uniting with the first mentioned road at the little white school house, or if one chooses, he may drive through Pochassic, continuing west by the road that crosses the foothills of Tekoa, by the historic Falley homestead, and on up, by the wood-bordered road that follows the general course of the reservoir brook. This road is the most convenient avenue of communication with Montgomery for the people of Fairfield and vicinity, who go by way of the old Feeder road, around the base of Tekoa to the main road. From the Hamptons, on the north, roads lead into Montgomery by way of Russellville and other points; cross-roads from the region

of Rock Valley and Hampton Ponds merge into the main road up the mountain; while from the region of Russell, Huntington, and Norwich on the west are a number of much travelled highways that make the ascent to Montgomery as easy as possible, for contrive as we will, the town's center can be reached in no other way than by a long and patient climb. One may feel prompted, if driving, to alight from the carriage and walk out of sheer pity for the horse.

There is much in Montgomery for the lover of nature and rare scenery. It is pre-eminently a place for rest and quiet meditation. Standing on the elevations which abound, the naked eye may take in broad expanses of meadow, wooded knolls and distant hills. With a good field glass all these are magnified and beautified. Take an eastern view; the high point just north of Captain Hildreth's place is most convenient for a survey. Straight north, a dense forest obstructs the view, but the slow sweep of the glass soon reveals the spires and higher buildings of the Hamptons with their background of mountains and noted peaks, among which stands that grand sentinel, Mount Tom. Under favorable conditions, on clear days, glimpses may be had of points as remote as Belchertown. The factory chimneys of Easthampton send up their smoke, telling of the industries that make for the prosperity of that beautiful town, while eastward, in the middle distance, the silvery surface of Hampton Ponds glints in the sunlight. There are broad stretches of plain land surrounding these waters, with the barren gray of dried grasses, adding variety to the coloring that greets the eye.

In the valley at our feet lies the hamlet of Wyben, that thrifty farming suburb, a part of Westfield, where the landscape is checkered with fields rich with ripened crops. Wyben bears close relation to Montgomery socially and otherwise, the two districts having much in common, and the ties of relationship being numerous and close in places. Proceeding somewhat to the south of this point of obser-vation, by way of Pitcher Street is the road leading down and up toward the famous



Mountain House on the Moore farm. We may take a short side road which leads to the little red cottage of "Gus" Williams, the place being the site of the mill property acquired by the town of Westfield, when the water supply for this town was established in the early '70s. The Williams cottage was formerly the home of the millers who operated the water power here, and who had charge of the grist, saw, shingle and clover mills which stood for years on the premises, and the ruins of which may now be seen where the stream empties into the upper or storage reservoir. Here we find the old raceway, the foundation wall of the mill, through an opening in which the water still flows as it has for years.



**Dam where Axtell had his sawmill**

In more recent years, and up to the time of the acquisition of the water privilege by the Town of Westfield, the power was used to run a whip shop, which was operated here by Mr. Atwater Moore, then owner of the premises, who had a complete line of equipment of the usual whip machinery, including platting machines, etc. There is a grove of chestnut and other trees on the place, which is sheltered by a high hill on the north, and from which a

beautiful view may be had increasing in scope as one ascends the height toward the Mountain House to the north. Here we have the home of "Uncle" Atwater Moore and his wife, adjoining which is the residence of Representative L.O. Moore. This is undoubtedly the most sightly place in Montgomery standing on an eminence which commands a wide view in all directions, that in a southerly direction being the most attractive, including as it does the broad expanse of water in the storage reservoir with the surrounding hills and forests.

This scene has been the admiration of the hundred who have visited the place, including the many who have been guests at the Mountain House so long noted as a summer resort, and always the seat of that hospitality that has endeared the master and mistress of the place in the hearts of all who have ever been received within their gates. Looking northward from the Mountain House a view may be had of the Captain Hildreth place, one of the town's landmarks, and a little to the west, the group of buildings, including the churches and town hall, which constitute the municipal center, the center of religious, governmental and social affairs. A drive west carries us out of the border of the town, where a view may be had up the Westfield river valley toward Huntington, where the eye also follows the course of the B. & A. railway. Here we look across the valley, over the town of Russell to the opposite heights of Blandford, another honorable hill town of Wester Hampden, whose church, founded upon a rock, points its spire heavenward, a Christian landmark on the everlasting hills.

In this part of Montgomery, resided for many years, one of the town's stalwart sons and substantial citizens, Elisha Clark, who died not long since. He was born in Montgomery, October 18th, 1813, and was a life-long resident of the town, his father, grandfather and great grandfather having lived there before him. Mr. Clark led an active and industrious life; in fact, his capacity for work was remarkable and he never was beaten at mowing or chopping. For instance,

it is mentioned that in his eightieth year he chopped one and one-eighth cords of wood in one and one-half hours. Mr. Clark's great grandfather, Oliver Clark, one of the pioneer settlers of Montgomery and first town clerk, removed from Canterbury, Conn. to settle in the wilds of Western Massachusetts mountains, traveling through the woods alone, following blazed paths. In the woods near Shatterack Pond he put up a rude log cabin, placing it against a large stone or ledge, so that the stone formed one of the walls. Having thus established a home, he sent for his wife, who arrived in due time, on horseback, having like her husband, made her way through the wilderness. She was greeted on her arrival with the words "Well, Lizzie, here's your home!" Located far from the base of supplies, and being obliged to wait for the new land to bring forth crops, this pioneer family was forced to travel to Westfield to buy grain, take it to the mill to be ground, and trudge back with the meal on their shoulders to their mountain home. Their diet was simple in the extreme, bean porridge and johnnycake being the chief articles on the bill of fare, but these eatables proved a nourishment for brain and brawn that could be depended upon. Mr. Clark was a self-made man in the fullest sense of the word. His parents having died in his early youth, he was taken into the employ of a farmer to work during his minority, with the understanding that at the end of that term, he was to receive \$100 in money, but on becoming of age, he received \$50 in excess of that sum; and on this basis built up a comfortable home, always believing the virtue of keeping out of debt. Mr. Clark was a sympathetic and kindly neighbor, always ready to respond to a call in behalf of a worth object; and on social occasions or neighborhood gatherings, was often called upon to sing his favorite patriotic air, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," which he rendered with a spirit worthy of those inspiring lines.

Among the best known of the sons of Montgomery is "Uncle Bill" Avery, who resides in the northern part of the town, and

who for a period of fully a quarter century, served Uncle Sam faithfully as mail carrier between his home town, and Westfield, going over the route summer and winter, facing the elements of their very worst, often having to drive crosslots to escape the work of drift and flood always mindful of his duty to the government, punctual and accommodating to his many patrons along the route and to those who sought transportation in his "mountain express." While Mr. Avery long since retired from service as stage driver, he is still active, considering his years, and drives down to Westfield occasionally on various errands and works about his home.

Westfield owes much to Montgomery for being the source of our unrivaled gravity supply of water, the purity of which is noted. It is nearly 40 years since the town took active measure to secure a water supply from the northwestern hill; and in fact this was the first great engineering enterprise undertaken by the town and it certainly was carried out to perfection, standing as a blessing to the residents of the Woronoco Valley, and at all times furnishing an ample supply of pure water. For ages, there had flowed down through Montgomery and over the southern slope of its territory the stream designated by the Indians as Tomhumuck, dashing in cataracts down the mountain side, swirling in pools at the base of large boulders and coming down through the notch at Tekoa, crossing the fertile meadows of Pochassic and finally emptying into the Westfield River.

The older men delight to tell of the catches of trout that were made on this stream before various enterprises had placed obstructions to the running up of these game fishes. These accounts are calculated to excite the wonder and envy of the present day amateur beauties. In time this brook was made to furnish motive power for mills erected along its course, notable among which was the Falley plant of revolutionary times, a part of which was used as an armory, and the location of which was near the south line of Montgomery, not far from Tekoa, the ruins still being in sight in a ravine not far from the lower reservoir. Of this



armory and allied industries and of the owner and operator, Richard Falley, whose remains lie buried in our forefathers' cemetery on Mechanic Street, much has been written, and we can readily understand that he and his enterprises played an important part in the early history of this section.

The famous sand spring located in a grove in Montgomery, not far from the Captain Hildreth place, is a source of Westfield's water supply, the stream flowing there from being a tributary of the main reservoir brook. This spring is never failing and the water is the clearest, purest and coolest. For years this grove has been made the picnic ground for the people of Montgomery and others, who are attracted there by the excellence of the water.

The stream that flows through the Moore meadow above the upper reservoir is an ideal mountain trout brook, the pond below being a good shelter and breeding place, and good strings have been taken here, under favorable conditions of season and weather.

On the opposite side of the mountains, flowing down toward Russellville and emptying into the Manhan, at the above district of Southampton, we have Roaring Brook, one of the most picturesque mountain streams of this section. Then there is the stream known to us as Powder Mill Brook, which has its source in Montgomery and winds through Wyben, after a dash down the mountain side, and empties in the Westfield River at Frog Hole.

Time was, within the memory of the older inhabitants, when Montgomery had something of a busy center. This was where the churches and town hall are located. Formerly there existed here two stores, a large tavern, blacksmith shop, etc. all of which contributed to the activity of the place. Of the two churches which succeeded the old original structure but one, the Congregationalist, is now used for purposes of worship, the Methodist Church on the opposite side of the street being used as a place of entertainment. The blacksmith shop has been discontinued, and the building which served as a tavern is now



owned and occupied by Mr. David Allyn, one of the town's leading and substantial citizens, who is town treasurer and carries on a varied and successful business, being engaged in butchering, farming, etc. The large house owned and occupied by Mr. Allyn, and which served in the old days as a tavern, stands well up from the main road, which is the main avenue of travel through the town to the west. Formerly, before the days of railroading, the wagoners who drove across country with their loads of supplies, and the traveling public generally, stopped here for refreshment and lodging. Liquor was sold here, and the present kitchen was once the bar room where good cheer abounded and where cooling drinks could be obtained in summer and warming drinks in winter. The old sign, bearing the legend, "Chapman's Inn," which formerly swung in front of the house, by the roadside, is still preserved on the premises,, as are also many other relics of former days, connected with the place. A small ell or annex to the house, painted red, was the quarters occupied as a general store, wherein was kept the varied stock of merchandise there being a department for dry goods, another for groceries and still another for the dispensing of liquors. Although it is many years since the place was abandoned as a store, and it having since then served as a tool house and store room, its appearance inside and out has undergone little change, so far as construction is concerned. The original heavy-built counter



is still in its place; the shelves whereon rested the stock of calicoes, notions and other merchandise, still remain as they were put up, and certainly in a most substantial manner. Even the ancient wooden twin reel remains suspended near the ceiling where it did duty for so long a time. The two 24-paned windows are guarded on the outside by the original wooden shutters, held securely by the diagonal bars of wrought iron which were released by a latch on the inside, certainly a most effective combination, guarding against intrusion.

Mr. Allyn recalls some of the incidents of the old store in his boyhood days, telling of the wrestling matches indulged in by the "boys," most of whom have passed away, and a few of whom still remain on their native hills. Here it was, following the custom of country towns, that the men gathered to talk through the evening and here in the exciting times that marked the opening and progress of the Civil War, that the great topic of the hour was discussed and the enthusiasm worked up which led to the enlistment of patriots who lent their strength to the Union arms.

The inhabitants of Montgomery are and always have been a God fearing and zealous Christian people, and town's church history contains much of interest. The town having been incorporated November 28, 1780, on the 30th day of January 1797, a Congregational church, numbering but five male members, was formed. Rev. Seth Noble, son of Thomas Noble of Westfield, was the first pastor, being installed Nov. 4, 1801, and dismissed Sept. 16, 1806. Mr. Noble had a fondness for the tune "Bangor," and was the cause of that name being given to that city in Maine. He was preaching at that point when the town was incorporated, and went to Boston in behalf of the people, to present their petition for incorporation. The petitioners wished the name to be "Sunfield," but he struck out the word and inserted Bangor, and Bangor it remains. He died in Ohio in 1807.

Methodism gained a foothold in the town about 1825, and increased so rapidly that in

the course of the next twenty years, a house of worship was erected at the center. The Second Adventists also established a society of their church in Montgomery, occupying the Congregational house of worship at the center.

The Methodist society having decreased in numbers, the church was at last abandoned for purposes of worship, and for years stood unused and by degrees going into decay because of a leaky roof and want of repairs, seeing which, the more active of the townspeople set about to get the proper authority, and proceeded to put the building in better condition, it now being used as a public hall for entertainments, and especially as headquarters for the Grange, a very active organization. This old church whose erection is recalled by the older men and women of the town, where the slips were sold to raise money to defray the expenses of building, was dismantled on the inside. The pews were removed, the altar taken away, and the high pulpit, wherein many an earnest disciple had spoken the Word, was also cast out, and in its place a platform or stage erected, which now serves for the entertainments.

Having secured from Mr. Allyn, custodian of the key, the loan of that instrument, with an expression of our good intentions, we may enter the church, a typical one of the old New England style of meeting-house architecture.



We mount the stone slab that serves as a step, cross the well-worn threshold, and find ourselves in the narrow vestibule, whose plastered walls are now pencilled with many names. One finds the equipment and paraphernalia of a public hall. The high windows on both sides admit ample light, and we can see that the heating of the church was by the primitive box-stove method. The taste, which we might call barbarous, which prompted the removal of the pulpit, happily did not extend to the singers' gallery. This has been preserved intact, and here we have a feature of the old church architecture, worth of more than a passing glance. This singers' gallery is opposite the pulpit end of the church, and is built against the east wall. It consists of three tiers of benches whereon the choir were seated, and in front of which are resting places for the hymn books of the singers. Two flights of steps, boxed in, lead to the tiers above, and there are accommodations there for about twenty people. Looking at this quaint elevated structure, one cannot but reflect on the history of the place, and the familiar lines of B.F. Taylor are recalled wherein he speaks so feelingly of "The Old Church":

"Last evening we were walking leisurely along. The music of choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around us and they were all new and strange tunes but one and that one, it was not sung as we had heard it, but it awakened a train of long buried memories that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it. It was sweet old "Corinth" they were singing — strains that we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blanched — and we were for a moment back again to the old church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon who sat in the pulpit was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who, we used to think, could never die, so good was he, had concluded application and exhortation, and the village choir was singing the last hymn and the tune was

"Corinth." It is years — we dare not think how many — since then, and the prayers of 'David, son of Jesse,' are ended, and the choir scattered and gone — the girl with the blue eyes that sang air, the eyes of one were like a June heaven at noon, and the other like the same heaven at night. They both became wives, and both mothers, and both died. Who shall say they are not singing 'Corinth' somewhere? Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up. There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the 'leader,' and to our young ears their tunes were 'the very soul of music.' That column bears still their penciled names, as they wrote them in life's June, before dreams of change had overcome their spirits like a summer's cloud. Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweeter tunes have died upon the air! But they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet reunion of song that shall take place bye and bye, in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose doors are gold, and where hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto, and she that sang air, will be in their places once more."

Extending down through the ceiling from the belfry, back of the singers' gallery, is a portion of the rope that formerly ran still lower into the vestibule on the ground floor, and by means of which, we presume, the faithful sexton rang the call to services or tolled the funeral knell.

Mrs. Atwater Moore, who is well known, and beloved by all, and who has been a life-long resident of Montgomery, being blessed with a good memory, readily recalls the building of the church, her people having bought a slip therein, which was handed down to succeeding generations. Formerly, the inhabitants were taxed to support preaching, whether they attended service or not, although, to their credit be it said, they did attend with very few exceptions. The singing was with the accompaniment of bass viols, and tithing men kept order during services; and woe to the youth who made bold to communicate or even smile during services. A



reprimand came swift and sure from that same dignified personage, the tithing man. Foot-stoves were taken to church in the cold season, and some of these useful articles are still preserved as curios in the families of the town.

While the population of Montgomery has dwindled to a few hundred, the story of those who have gone before is told all too plainly by the three cemeteries that are within sight of each other, one back of the of the old Methodist church, another and older one on the sandy knoll in the lowlands, and the third, on the east side of Pitcher Street, being a God's acre surrounded with a stone wall, to the building of which the surrounding stony fields contributed most liberally. The rusty iron gates stand wide open, and among the old and modern headstones that tell so plainly here, as they do in all towns, who the families of the place are and were, may be found several of great age, dating back to revolutionary times, on double headstone being dedicated to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. William Lannon, who died respectively in 1777 and 1781. On the ancient slab that is erected "In memory of Mrs. Mary, consort of Mr. Stephen Hurlburt, who died 24 Sept. 1783, in the 37th year of her age," we read this hopeful epitaph:

She sleeps beneath this  
Her dust doth here remain;  
But the great day is hasting on  
When she shall rise again.

While Montgomery has to a degree lost its population and prestige, and while it can never hope to develop manufacturing, and agriculture itself is at a low ebb, it is felt that it is still possible to restore much of the importance of the town, and that by making of it a summer resort, for which no section of the country is better adapted, new wealth and population would be attracted to these hills, where pure air, the best of water, wholesome food, grand scenery, and all that makes for health, may be found in abundance. In this

connection, some of the inhabitants have exercised a too conservative policy, there having been numerous instances where people of wealth from the cities, desiring to purchase sites for cottages in sightly locations, have been met with exorbitant prices, or the alternative of buying the entire farm, for which they had no use. A more liberal policy, with a disposition to meet new settlers half-way, and a judicious advertising of the natural attractions of Montgomery, would in time build up the place, which, in point of ease of access from the railroad center and convenience to base of supplies, is not excelled by any of the several mountain resorts hereabout, which have a wide reputation and liberal patronage, due to enterprise and a proper social and business spirit on the part of the inhabitants.

## MONTGOMERYISMS

Being Paragraphs of Interest About The Worthy Hill Town of Montgomery

Montgomery lies wholly upon the mountain. The town produces good cattle, beef, butter, as well as wood, bark and lumber.

Mount Tekoa, in the southeast corner of the town, on the border of Westfield is a high elevation, where people often resort to, to survey the broad, rich and varied landscape, extending beyond the Connecticut.

The exact date of the settlement of the town is not known. Incorporated Nov. 28, 1780.

About 1837 there were 1,468 sheep in town.

The steam saw-mills are penetrating into the woods of Montgomery territory, and will in time leave bare spots on the wooded hills of the town.

Some years ago a hotel 100 feet long, with broad piazzas, was built on a slightly elevation overlooking the Connecticut Valley, but unfortunately it was burned shortly after it was built.

"Bungy" hill, an elevation in Montgomery, is said to be considerably higher than Mt. Tom.

Some years ago the people of Montgomery were wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, by the appearance of a bright light at



night in the center on the high ground back of the Methodist Church. A number of people of known veracity vouched for the truth of this, having themselves seen the lights as they passed over the cross-roads running southwest toward the post office. The mystery was at last solved, and the bright light proved to be the reflection of the light from a neighboring house which, striking on a new and highly polished headstone, and viewed at the proper angle by chance passers-by at night, had all the appearance of an actual light in the cemetery.

The older generations of the Montgomery people, before the days of abundant books and papers, were given to much story telling, entertaining their hearers for long evenings, with tales founded on fact and fancy, some of which are recalled by the people.

At present there are about 70 voters in the town, of whom about 12 are democrats. A local wag remarks that there appears to be a strange fatality among the democrats, and that a number of the survivors are said to be ailing. A change of politics seems to be in order.

The upper reservoir is in a natural valley, and averages 15 feet in depth, being 45 feet deep in places.

The game laws have been flagrantly disregarded in the town, by hunters who invade the place from surrounding towns, and who show no regard for the Sabbath.

Formerly husking bees, apple parings, singing schools, etc., used to flourish in Montgomery. These social affairs are now held much less frequently.

Owing to advanced years and inability to attend to the many duties, Mr. and Mrs. Atwater Moore of the Mountain House do not entertain summer boarders as formerly, although they have numerous applications for such accommodations. In seasons past, as many as 30 guests have been quartered at the Mountain House at one time, and its reputation as an excellent summer home is widespread.

An office that has often gone begging in

Montgomery is that of postmaster. The natives do not seem to fall over each other in a wild ambition to be Uncle Sam's postal representative. The efficient postmistress of the town is Mrs. Pittsinger, and the "post office," so designated by a sign over the door, is about as isolated as any in Uncle Sam's domains, being on a road bordered with dense woods and removed from any other buildings. There the daily stage makes its stop, and communication is thus kept up with the outside world.



**Post Office - Adelaide Pittsinger's home**

From the north part of the town in clear weather, may be seen the higher mountains of New Hampshire.

The old cemetery on the sand knoll, is said to be the outgrowth of a family burying plot. Here there have been buried Revolutionary soldiers with military honors.

There are five district schools in the town, having music and drawing taught by special instructors, and having the oversight of a superintendent.

The territory of Montgomery was formerly included in four towns, each having contributed a corner. The intersection of the lines brings the four corners at a point in the meadow back of the Mountain House.

Among the notable instances of success by those who have gone from Montgomery to seek their fortunes, may be mentioned A. P. Pettis, now a multi-millionaire, resident of Paris, France, who in his youth went out of

Montgomery with a little tiny hand trunk peddling notions. By his own ability and enterprise he built up a fortune.

Some 35 years ago a brass band flourished in Montgomery, which was under the leadership of a Mr. Kagwin, and enlisted as members the young men of the town, being a very creditable organization.

The annual fox hunts that bring to Westfield such large delegations of hunters, with their hounds, witness a thorough going over of the territory of Montgomery in the quest of the sly game; and among the farmers of the town, the hunters, with appetites sharpened by the exercise in the mountain air, are royally entertained, and they carry away with them memories of such spreads as hungry men delight in doing justice to. Some of the mineral deposits in Montgomery have attracted atten-

tion at various times, notably the mica deposits on Pitcher Street, traces of kaolin on the eastern slope, quartz deposits near the upper reservoir, and the gold mine on the road down the mountain toward Tekoa, where the genius, Lombard, toiled for several seasons in quest of the precious yellow metal, and where traces of his operations may still be plainly seen.

Formerly most of the inhabitants of the town had the tall grandfather's clocks in their houses; but most of these, through the persuasions of relic hunters, and by other causes have disappeared.

The roads of Montgomery are as well kept as those of the average hill towns. Stone walls abound, and there is much of rustic beauty along the way.

In the last report of the librarian, Mrs. D. L.





Allyn, it is shown that there are 520 volumes in the town library, and that the interest in the library is especially good. More space for book is imperative.

According to the last report, the following property was assessed in the town: Dwellings, 61; horses, 87; cows, 227; meat cattle, 137; sheep, 62; swine, 52; acres of land, 8,752. Rate of taxation, \$15 per \$1,000.

During the year 1902 there were registered, 1 birth, 4 marriages and 5 deaths, all old people, aged respectively, 79, 89, 71, 79 and 58 years.

The town fathers for the year 1902 were A. D. Avery, L. O. Moore and O. E. Moore, whose combined salaries amounted to \$83.

Montgomery has its share of forest fires,

which annually sweep over the wooded acres of the mountains, but in spite of this the forest growth is thick and renews itself rapidly.

On the road between the lower and upper reservoirs there are five houses wherein there is a good representation of the nationalities, they being occupied in the order of ascent from the base of the mountain, by an Irishman, Bohemian, Italian, German and American.

A wheelman going to Montgomery with his bicycle, by whichever route he may select, must expect to walk much of the way. On the return trip down the mountain, however, he may find coasting opportunities enough; and without due care, may find these opportunities too much for his safety.





# Heroic Housewife

*By David Pierce*

Like most local history buffs, I was aware that the wreck on the Boston & Albany at Chester in 1893, was the railroads' worst in terms of fatalities; leaving 13 dead. I didn't realize until recently, however, by how small a margin an even more terrible tragedy had been averted.

The exact cause of the wreck has been lost to the ages, as these sites were not so carefully sifted through as is the case today. The bridge was under repair at the time. The workmen had broken for lunch. It is generally assumed that the temporary rivets that had been placed in the bridge were undersized, and too few in number. Others have theorized that some tool, or perhaps a chain had been left on the rails. Whatever the case, the results were disastrous. The engine, No. 12, a 'Rhode Island' type, passed over the bridge, but it's tender, and following cars fell through, piled up in the river, or literally 'telescoped,' one inside the other, a common occurrence with the flimsier wood-bodied cars of the era.

Rescue efforts began immediately. The injured were carried to Wilander's field, where a makeshift triage was begun.

Alerted by the sound of the crash at home a little way up the track, Mrs. Homer Smith, a railroader's wife, came to the realization that things could, very soon, get a whole lot worse. Familiar with train schedules, she knew even more horror would soon be visited upon the scene in the form of a charging freight train due to cross the fated bridge within minutes. Tons of wood and steel would plow, at speed, into the wreckage, and frantic rescue workers.

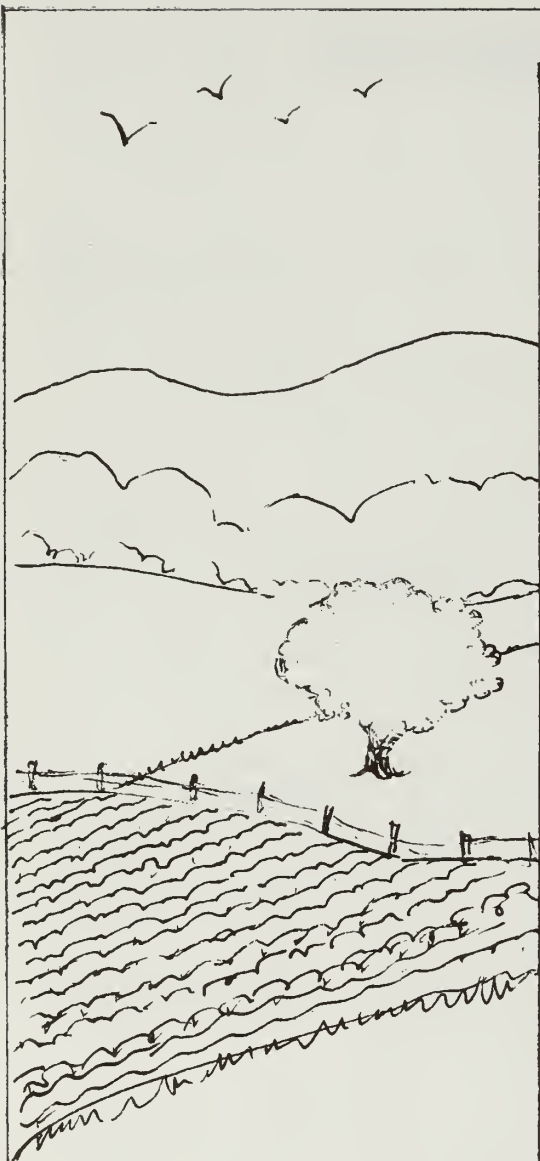
It was common practice for railroaders to keep a box of red flags by the door, always grabbing one on the way off to work. Mrs. Smith bolted out of the house, flag in hand, down the tracks in the direction of the ex-

pected train, through the wreck scene. Her desire to help was tempered by the already swelling ranks of rescue workers, and a premonition of doom. She ran by, and continued along the right-of-way.

As she ran down the line, she encountered a small boy whose name was Ira Faye — was that a whistle in the distance? Here again, her knowledge of the workings of the railroad was invaluable. She sent the boy on ahead with the flag, knowing the speeding freight would require nearly a mile to stop, thus insuring the engineer would have time to brake his train. "I told the boy to stay on the tracks until the engineer on the freight got his signal," she said in a 1930s interview, thereby placing herself in proximity to the locomotive cab when it did stop, cutting to the barest minimum the time it would take to alert the engineer of the carnage around the bend. The engineer triggered the signal system to shut down the line. Only then did Mrs. Smith feel prepared to join her neighbors treating the wounded.

Obviously her quick thinking saved many more lives, yet outside of her descendants, this woman's courageous actions had been largely forgotten. It was brought to the attention of this writer recently when I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Maybelle Burleigh, 90, granddaughter of Mrs. Smith, who generously presented the Chester Foundation with the flag that played such an important part in the events of that day. It is in remarkably pristine condition, despite its 99 year age, as that is the only time it was ever used.

Other articles of railroadianna, along with the flag presented to the foundation by Mrs. Burleigh, will eventually be on public display once the Chester station is in a usable condition.



## Mellow May

by W.S. Hart 2/92

The mellow warmth of sunny May  
Is clasped so eagerly,  
As man and other living things  
Show spring has set them free.

Each person has a buoyant step,  
Bird plumage is so bright;  
The fields and trees show tender shoots,  
Some blossoms are in sight.

The farmer's tractor, and his plow,  
Are seen across the land,  
And little children hurry home  
With violets clutched in hand.

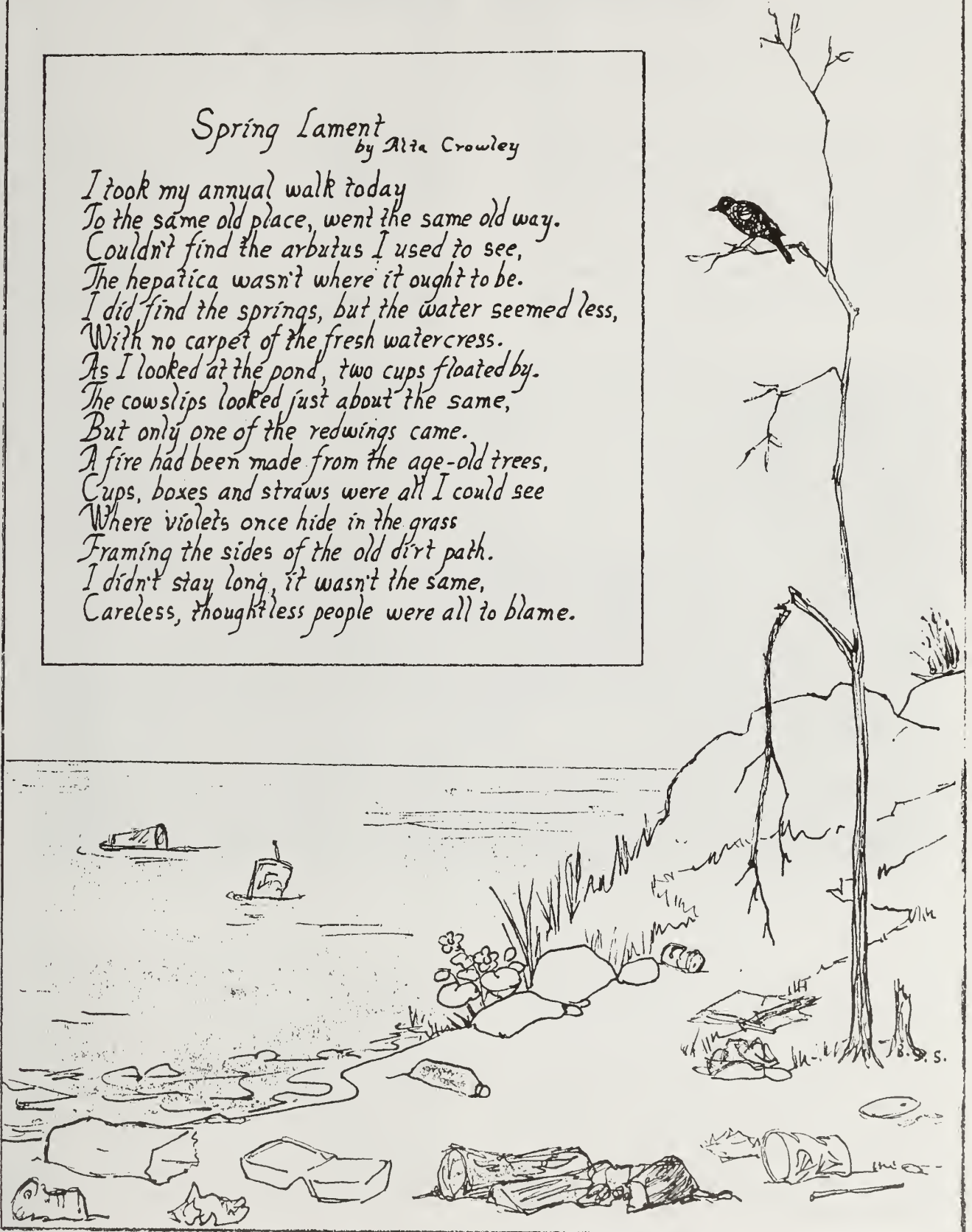
Make haste! Make haste! It's planting time,  
The seeds must now be sown  
If they're to reach their greatest yield,  
For quickly summer's flown.

Enjoy it now, this earth's rebirth,  
The short time that it lasts,  
For, as with all things good or bad,  
It soon becomes the past.



Spring Lament  
by Alta Crowley

I took my annual walk today  
To the same old place, went the same old way.  
Couldn't find the arbutus I used to see,  
The hepatica wasn't where it ought to be.  
I did find the springs, but the water seemed less,  
With no carpet of the fresh watercress.  
As I looked at the pond, two cups floated by.  
The cowslips looked just about the same,  
But only one of the redwings came.  
A fire had been made from the age-old trees,  
Cups, boxes and straws were all I could see  
Where violets once hide in the grass  
Framing the sides of the old dirt path.  
I didn't stay long, it wasn't the same,  
Careless, thoughtless people were all to blame.





# Farewell Amelia

*By William S. Hart*

Editors note: I found three letters written in 1848 concerning a distant cousin, Amelia Godard, who was born in North Granby, Connecticut on June 9, 1827, and died in Campbellsville, Kentucky August 14, 1848.

Amelia went to Kentucky to visit relatives named Hoskins, originally from Simsbury, Connecticut.

The first letter of April 21, 1848, was written

to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oren Godard of North Granby. The second is dated June 18, 1848, and is from Amelia's brother, Nelson Godard, later a prominent citizen of Granville, Massachusetts.

The last letter is from Elizabeth Rice of Campbellsville, Kentucky dated December 8, 1848, telling of Amelia's death at age twenty-one.



Amelia Godard's birthplace, Godard Road, North Granby, Conn.

*Campbellsville, Ky.  
April 21st, 1848*

Dear Father and Mother,

Having an opportunity to address a few lines to you I will inform you that I arrived here last evening and was happy to find them all enjoying good health. Ariel was obliged to come home one day sooner than myself as he could not procure a carriage and sent Cromwell after me the next day. I have enjoyed my

journey exceedingly well and have not been sea sick or home sick. We arrived in New York at 7 o'clock in the evening and took our departure for Philadelphia at 9 o'clock the next evening. We arrived in Philadelphia at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. After dinner we went out and purchased a new dress, had it cut and basted. We then returned to the hotel. After tea we attended the museum which I enjoyed very much. I saw many things which at-

tracted my attention which I have not time to relate. We took our departure for Baltimore at 9 o'clock the next morning and arrived there at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and took our departure for Cumberland at 4 o'clock the same evening and arrived there at 2 o'clock the next morning and took the stage for Bronsville at 6 in the morning and arrived there at 12 in the evening, and took the stage for Wheeling at 2 o'clock in the morning and arrived there at 4 o'clock in the evening and took the boat for Cincinnati at 9 o'clock and arrived there the next morning at 4 o'clock. We stopped no time in Cincinnati as the boat left for Louisville soon after we arrived. It had gone about half of the distance when it struck something and commenced leaking so bad they were obliged to run ashore where they were detained several hours fixing it. We arrived in Louisville at 6 a.m. but the stage had been gone for two hours. As we were obliged to stay in the evening we attended a Circus and enjoyed it exceedingly well. We took the stage for Bardstown the next morning at 5 o'clock and arrived there at noon. After dinner we took the stage for Springfield where we arrived at 4 p.m. Here he tried to hire a horse and carriage to go as far as Lebanon a distance of 9 miles but did not succeed in getting one before the next morning at 4 o'clock. We arrived in Lebanon at noon. After dinner he tried to get a horse and carriage to return home a distance of 19 miles but could not and he was obliged to return home and leave me. The hotel was kept by a widow lady. Her health was very poor. She had been confined to her bed for four months. She had three daughters living at home. I was very lonely. The next day Ariel sent Cromwell with a horse and carriage after me and we arrived here just before the sun was down. For the last two days the road was the worst I ever travelled. Tell Jane she will never do to come to Kentucky as long as she is afraid to ride in Connecticut. I have not been out much yet, but from what little I have seen think I shall like very much as I am treated with kindness by them all. I have not seen Cromwell's lady yet as I commenced writing soon after break-

fast but think I shall see her soon. Eliza Jane says her health is the best it has been for three years. Wayne is very much pleased with his top, it amuses him very much. Tell Miles there is a little boy out here, he is not quite as large as he is but full of mischievous. Also, there is a sugar heart in my drawer I will give him. Tell Grand Father I will try to write to him after I get a little rested and inform him if I am homesick. Tell him also I should be pleased to receive a letter or pater from him. Tell Brothers and Sisters I should be pleased to receive letters or papers from them and will try to answer them as I am anxious to hear from home. Give my love to brothers and sisters and all inquiring Friends. Write as soon as receive this.

*From your affectionate, Daughter, Amelia"*

*Campbellsville December 8th, 1848*

**Much respected though unknown madam,**

Long have I felt that a tribute of respect for your Dear Departed Daughter whose sojourn with us was short indeed, was due to you from me and I have at length come to the conclusion to write you a few lines and to give you some information relative to my short acquaintance and association with that early departed one. Soon after her arrival in Campbellsville, I gave her a call and kindly invited her to my house, desiring that she should make her visits frequent and familiar. I felt for her a kind of attachment and motherly affection which is not often experienced by me toward an entire stranger especially. But her situation, her youth and amiable qualities of mind rendered her an object of my esteem. She however visited but very little and seemed not to enjoy herself much in the formation of new acquaintances. Her thoughts dwelt mostly with those whom she had left behind her and she longed for the time to come when she would again be restored to the family circle which she had left. The time was set for her to start, she told a lady that she little knew how dear her friends were to her until she became separated from them, but now she anticipated a reunion and she had rather be in her mother's house hard at work than to



remain in Ky. and live in perfect ladyship not but what she was well pleased with the place and people but the thought of home led her there. There she wished again to be and so great was her anxiety to be able to start on the day that was decided upon, that she strove to overcome disease until she was almost in the very jaws of death before her friends could persuade her to take her bed. I saw her once or twice during her three or four days of confinement, and I happened in just as she had ceased to breathe. I assisted in preparing the body for the grave. I helped to comb her hair, a lock of which I cut from her head and I herein enclose it, together with some lines which I think are just in point giving in full a description of your feelings in reference to her case. I shall have to transcribe them as the ballad is not to be had. They are addressed:

**"To one departed"**

The shadow of the autumn time has passed upon the earth, the trees have lost their summer green. The birds have ceased their mirth and on my brow there is a shade. The shade of silent grief for human beauty which decayed, as does the summer leaf. For eyes whose glances spoke to mine, in summer's joyous bloom, are now in wakeless slumber sealed. The slumber of the tomb. And lips that praised what ere I sang, are cold and silent now. And heavily death's curtain hangs, above a youthful brow. The flowers have faded which we loved. I saw thee fading too but though not that the spoiler had, to little left to do. We parted. Oh! too carelessly. But little thought we then that each must pass death's gloomy stream, ere we should meet again.

The flowers have perished from the earth. The forest leaves are shed and earthly moans the autumn wind above the silent bed. And I am sad, I miss thee here, yet dare not wish thee back to tread again with weary feet, life's rough and toilsome track.

I miss thee, and thy memory with me shall kindly dwell, but when the Father calls one home, we know that "All is well." I would that I had been near to thee, to hear thee breathe my name and catch thy eye's depart-

ing glance, when death's pale Angel came. But it is past, the kindly care of friends has left for me one lock of thy soft shining hair. 'Tis all that's left of thee."

Yes, my dear unknown friend, this is all that you can ever see of your once dear and blooming daughter as pertaining to her real form. Her clothes will doubtless be returned, but this soft shining lock once grew upon the head of that loved child. True it is that the autumn wind is softly moaning over her silent resting place and although no mother's tears will ever be on the turf that covers her tomb, still she rests undisturbed. Her stay on earth was short and shorter still her stay with us. I hope you will not think me presumptuous in thus addressing you. I could not feel at rest until I had thus done. May you be sustained under this affliction and learn an important lesson from this trial. Give my love to your Sister Hoskins. Oh how glad would I be again to see her. But my paper is wasted and I must close. Praying for the blessing of kind heaven to rest upon you and your remaining children I subscribe myself.

*Your sincere though unknown friend*  
Elizabeth Rice

*North Granby*  
*June 18th, 1848*

**Sister Amelia**

I now take the opportunity to inform you of my health which is as good as when you left, and the rest of the family with the exception of Miles. He is not very well but he keeps around. He come up to the sawmill everyday to ride on the carriage. Almira's health is not very good but not so but she keeps around. Eliza Jane's health is better than it has been. For a short time back, Harvy received your letter of the 16th and we were all glad to hear that you was well and enjoying good health, and also any cousins that ask for the business it goes along very well this summer. We are getting along with our farming very well this season. We got to begin mowing this week. It is very warm just now. Yesterday Anson and myself went out on a fishing excursion and

was gone about five hours and caught 85 trout and fifteen succors. I want to have you and cousins beat that and then we will try again. Harvy Jane and Frances have gone to meeting today. Willis Dewey was married in church the 11th inst. He was married to Julia Bebee of Broad Brook. The meeting house was crowded with people. Lucy Gaines, Calvin Gaines wife died Wednesday the 14th of June. She was sick about five weeks. She died with brain fever. She did not have her reason much of the time. The doctor gave her over and she lived as much as a fortnight, after when she expired.

I have just been up to Almira's and got a recipe for making that gingerbread that you want a recipe of. Take 1 teacup of butter or lard, 1 cup of boiling water, 2 cups of molas-

ses, 2 teaspoonfuls of salaratus, 2 spoonfuls of ginger, and then add your salt. Dissolve your salaratus in a cup of tepid water and then add flour enough to make it as hard as mother makes her shortcakes and that is not very hard. You must oversee it at first. This will make two loaves on a squared tin. Almira sends her love to all. Says you must write to her before she writes anymore to you.

Grandfather says he is as homesick to have you come back as you are to come back, and you must write to him as soon as you receive this. Be sure you write to him without delay. Father and mother sends their love to you. Jane sends her love to you. Frances sends her respects to you and says she would like to see you at home. Harvy sends his respect to you and says he will answer your letters when you



Nelson Godard in later life



write them. You must excuse him as I am answering your letter. Leroy L. Root is here now and he sends his respects to you. The Granville folks have got so they attend meeting at the new church occasionally. I must say to you that there is a great deal of riding out Sunday evenings or especially for a few weeks past. Don't stare at this, you know that I am always steady and at home. I mean to say until you find one that you think will suit me, I must stay at home without a chance to meet one of those right kind of one. You must write and let me know whether there is any or not. I will now drop this subject and take some other.

I would like to hear how you get along with phonographic writing and reading. You must practice writing every opportunity you have. Martin L. Gibbons health is not as good as it was last winter. He has gone down to New

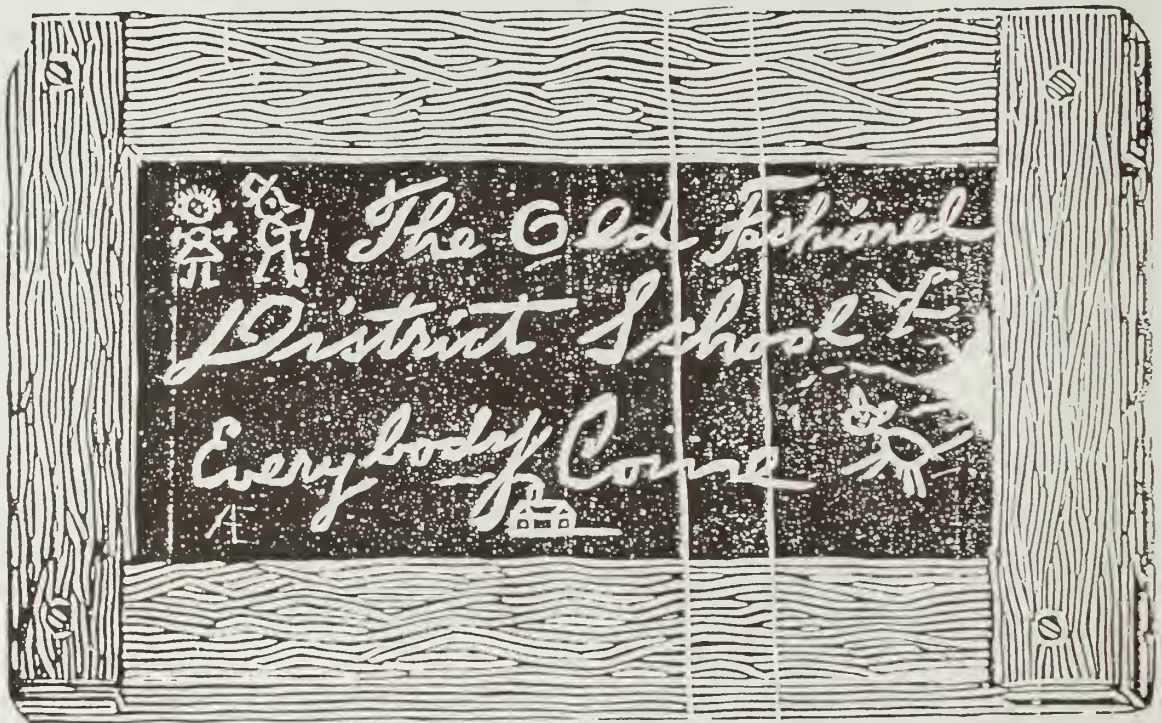
York to see Doctor Ballow. He has not returned as yet. We don't have no phonograph school. We have adjourned until fall.

Tell Ariel he must attend to those deers. Tell him I would like to go out with him if it was not so far. Tell Cromwell that I shall expect to see him and his lady this fall. Tell Woodruff he must not be beat in shooting at a target. Tell Eliza Jane I have not forgotten her yet. Give my respects to all inquiring friends. I have not had a letter from David Lathum as he agreed to send to me. It is now getting late. I must draw to a close by giving my love to all of my cousins. Reserve a good share to yourself. Tell them I want to have them all write to me as soon as you receive this."

*From Your Brother  
Nelson Godard*

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Tuesday Evening, Feb. 18, 1890.

# Memoirs of A West Granville Childhood

*By May Aldrich Hague*



**Memorial Day at West Granville School**

One winter Daddy brought us a flying squirrel he found in the woods. We thought we could make a pet of it and rushed up to the attic to get an old bird cage, long vacant. We put him (?) in it and placed him on the desk in "the parlor", our second living room. The next morning, the cage was empty and we looked high and low for him. That evening as we lay on the bed reading, we reached down to pull up the blanket at the foot of the bed, and there was our "pet", burrowed into it! We put it back in the cage and the next day Daddy took him back to the woods where he was found.

We had one butternut tree across the road from the house and a beechnut tree down in the pasture. One sprig had spearmint growing by it. My mother would pick the stalks of leaves growing there and hang them up to dry. If we were sick, she'd make spearmint tea to give us. (We hated it!)

Other wild things we ate were dandelion greens, cowslips, and milkweeds, all boiled with salt pork. I still love them.

Strangely enough, we had one little patch of cranberries down near that pasture and we were able to make a little sauce from them.

In winter, we'd have huge drifts of snow which in our early childhood days were shoveled by hand by a crew from the town. It snowed much more heavily in those days and often was so deep that it covered the lower part of our kitchen windows. Grandpa Nelson told of the Blizzard of 1888 when he had to dig a tunnel from the kitchen door to the barn so he could feed and milk the cows. The horse and hens were in still another building, so more work!

In back of the school was a slippery elm tree. Once in a while the boys would get permission to peel off a little tender bark from its twigs. Then you chewed it, it made the saliva



flow, and you'd have to spit! That sometimes led to a contest.

In spring we were sometimes allowed to go down to the edge of Miller's woods and pick hepaticas, lavenderish pink spring beauties that were the first flowers to appear, and violets. Sometimes Daddy would hunt down a bee tree by following bees that came into our yard, and following them back to their lair. Then he would capture that swarm of bees to add to his own.

In November, he set out trap lines, something he'd done for years in Vermont. This was to catch foxes, skunks, raccoons, mink, wildcats, and otters to sell for their fur. It was the primary reason he came to West Granville, for no one trapped there at the time.

We'd enjoy seeing him set the traps and bait them with chicken "innards" or other waste meat. We often would go with him to see what he'd caught. If there was live game in a trap, we'd run and hide while Daddy killed it, because we didn't like that part. One "by-product" of trapping was the skunk's oil,

made by trying out the fat and keeping it to rub on our chest to break up a chest cold or inflammation. You'd smell of it for days.!

It took a lot of expertise to be a good trapper. It seems cruel, but he had to have money to live and it was a source of income.

He'd skin the animals and stretch the hides on boards of different sizes, made purposely for that. Around Christmas, the fur dealer would come and buy them. He would give \$20 for a good fox fur. All black (or nearly all black) skunks would bring more than one with much white on it. Once Daddy caught a cross fox (the back fur had a cross of lighter color on it) and Aunt Mayme had it made into a fur piece. She didn't wear it much, at least while walking in a neighborhood, for all the dogs chased her and tried to catch the fox!

I still have the memory of a small, green grass snake which entwined itself around my ankle when I accidentally stepped on its tail with my bare foot. I was excused from chores till that shock wore off!

*Blandford, Mass., January, 1902.*

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## In memory of Lucy Conant.

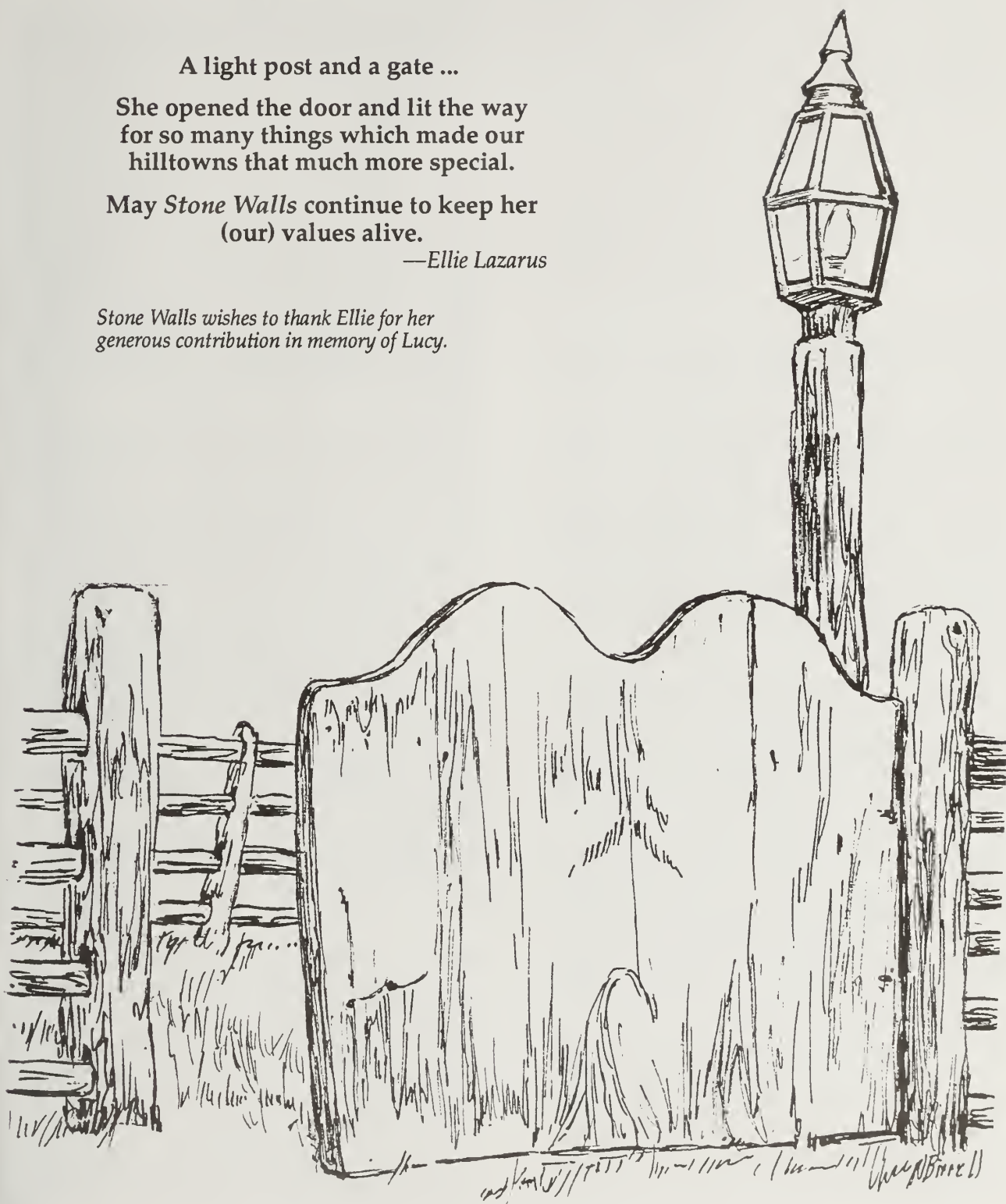
A light post and a gate ...

She opened the door and lit the way  
for so many things which made our  
hilltowns that much more special.

May *Stone Walls* continue to keep her  
(our) values alive.

—Ellie Lazarus

*Stone Walls* wishes to thank Ellie for her  
generous contribution in memory of Lucy.





# Civil War Letters

*Editor's note: We thank Mrs. Virginia Stepka of Burlington, Connecticut for making these Civil War letters available to us. The spelling, capitals and punctuation have not been changed.*

*Sergeant Oscar H. Graham and his brother, Private Arthur H. Graham, served in the same regiment.*

*Oscar H. Graham was born in West Granby, Connecticut in 1838. His parents were Myron W. Graham and Gunelda Higley Graham. When Oscar enlisted on May 23, 1861, he was living in Suffield, Connecticut and working as an apprentice harness maker*

July 4th 1861  
Hagerstown, Md.

Father, Sis,

I have just come in off Guard. The Granby folks would think it easy enough no doubt (I mean the Home Guards). As I have often heard them say They would Spill their blood iff need be for the suport of the union. I have not seen one man here of that sort. All of us here say that we will do all we can to Suport & protect our country. I often think of the home Guard and wonder what they would do here in our position. We are left as a guard to protect the property & guard our prisinors left under our care. There is property that is of considerable value.

There was a fight only a day or two ago. Where they brought to us to guard. They brought something like 15 Priseners of war. Some field pieces. Those Regments that left here the other day are in to them with all their might. They have roughted (routed) them several times, killing some and taking such property all they could ley their hands to. They captured some field peces. Most of the Regts. have left for the virginia side. Our Regt. cannot ceep (keep) easy, but long for the time to come when we can give them some of our wooden nutmegs.

The Boys are all well. Arthur was on guard last night. The Boys all compliment my revolver. Capt. says he would love to swap the one he has got. Lew (Lt.) wanst swap. Boys all want to Borrowit. I have been and tried It and it shoots very well.

I expect you Granby folks are enjoying your selves verry well. I heard you was agoingto have a selebration and all the good things. I think you will remember us while you have your good things. Perhaps we shall be able to enjoy ourselves to gether again. I hope so at least.

I asked the oficers of our company Iff they had received eny letters from Granby. The said they recieved none. I have written several letters to home, some every week & mean to write & should be obliges iff I could recieve from home oftener. Our Regt. is well recieved here.

Give my respects to all. Tell them the 4 of July is dull here. We have scouts out every night. Last nigh some of the boys killed a jack because it would not halt when told. Some such thing ocurs every night. Do you supose the home guards would kill a jack iff they had a chance. I think they will die to stay at home & guard you old people.

I shall write soon again & home to hear from here after.

Your Sone  
O.H. Graham

M.W. Graham

Arthur is on guard at the arsenal & magazine.

To-day I feel the smile of providence upon me

I hope this will find you all well. I do not expect to come home soon.

O.H. Graham

Williamsport, Md.

July 25th 1861

**Dear Father**

I rec'd your letter yesterday and was glad to hear from you that you are getting along with your work. It does me good to hear from home. I am well as usual to day and getting along finely.

Last night we expected an atact (attack) buy the rebels, we ley on our arms all night. There is reported to be a Thousand cavelry about three miles from here. Our Regiment is all to peces, 3 hundred men here in Williamsp & about 1,000 in Hagerstown and the rest to Harpers Ferry. I guess if they make an atact they will find us at home every time. We do not feel afraid as we have the help of the citizens to help us.

Arthur is well as usual exept now he had a head-ache. I did not mean to be so slack, but shall in the future try to write home once a week at eny rate. We have a fine time guard-ing as we have to guard most every other night.

Jul has not been present as you heard. He has had a large boil on his knee to long back so that he has done no duty. I am on guard to day. Shall have to be up all night. I never felt so much like going and hunting the rebels as I did last night. I shall be on guard to night. I can have a chance to see them if they come around.

When you hear of the battle do not worry anything about us as God will take care of us. It would be rather hard for you to come on here as it is some distance from home.

You tell Estelle that I cannot write a letter to her alone as we are deficient of writing material. I would love to if I had a chance & will if I have a oportunity.

The battle at Manasses Gap is not as bad as was suposed. Our Regt has got a good name here and the people have sent on to Washington to have us stay here during the war. It makes us mad almost to have to stay while others are going and gaining all the victories.

I shall endeavor to write often. Tell Adelbert to write if he can make nothing more than a

strait mark. I want to hear from him & all of you.

*From You sone  
O H Graham*

Williamsport Md.

July 30th 1861

**Dear Sister**

You have written so often to have me write to you I thought I would now take the time as I am where I can have a good chance to write. Don't write to have me excuse your writing or spelling but write as well as you can and let it go. I wanted to hear from Adelbert but I see he is not inclined to write so I supose I shall have to let him go.

Your letters are very patriotic and full of encouragement so write on as fast as your are amind to as perhaps I shall be where I cannot hear from you.

Last night we expected to have a fight or run as the rebels are threatning to atact us. We have to lye on our arms every night. Its not very pleasent I can assure you. I was on guard last night. I had rather be out of Camp in time of trouble then in it. I feel like being out where I can see for myself. I have thought of going a scouting and perhaps shall yet, if I do you will not hear from me soon. I have not left yet and don't know as I shall.

You must live to be a patriotic woman as I consider all such of some acount. Deliver me from that man or woman that carenot for their rights & their Country. There is some at home that would not let their children go because they are afraid they will be shot. To be sure it is dangerous. But I believe in doing that wich is right if death stares you in the face. Do you think I have right opinion of the thing, if you do, pray that God may protect me and he will I feel confident. If never return home again then you may know that I was doing that what I feel to be right in the site of God and I hope and pray that I may not err from that wich I think to be right.

Your letters & Mothers have been faithful in urging me to look to God for suport and strength. And never stop but still ceep writing and if you do not hear from me you may know



that I am out of writing material. Tell Father to tell Dighton the reason why I have not written to him It is because I have not the where with (wherewithal) to suply my corispondents.

*Your Brother*  
*O H Graham*

Williamsport Md  
August 6, 1861

**Dear Father Sis**

Today I am enjoying the blessing of health and hope and trust the smile of our Lord & Master. We have to drill rather harder then usual. Capt. Kellogg is comanding officer now as Colonel Woodhouse has gone to Hartford to see (as near as I can find out) about our rifles. We begin to think a good deal of him as he seems to take a good deal of interest in us & for our good.

There was some rebel Cavelry seen yesterday on the river side oposite us. We do not feel afraid of them but almost wish they would come (?) and see what stuff we are made of.

There is of our company several missing and Frank Hack among them. Frank seems to have given up his christian course (?), but I hope he has not. Capt has sent for him and iff he eny where to be found he will be sent back in my opinion. He was not liked verry well in the company.

Arthur has just come of (off) guard this morning. I shall have to go to morrow. The weather is hot now days here, rather warmer then in Conn.

I have more corispondents then I can posibly atend to. I have all of a dozen to atend if I would, but do not write to them all. Wolcotts folks have to lines from me but I do not write them verry often. And Dighton & Alison would love to hear from me no doubt. You must tell them all about it so they need not worry or feel mad about it. I mean to write home in preference to all the rest.

I rec'd two papers and was thankfull for the Messenger. We do not have eny religious papers in camp or eny thing else that is of a religious carecter. Please send some more as they do us a great deal of good.

I guess we can get along as to PO stamps untill we get paid off. Iff I feel myself cramped (?) I will rite. Capt says he is obliged to take care of me and Arthur acording to promise to you. I thought by that he had written you.

Soby wants to bye my revolver. I think its not best to sell don't you. He has trided most every way to get. If I can sell it for \$16 or 17 dollers would you sell it an bye another. I can get that and perhaps more.

Give my love to Bros & Sister. Tell Adelbert to write again.

*Yours*  
*O H Graham*

You can send my letter to Williamsport MD as it is safe now for all letters. Please hand this to Dighton.

Fredric City Md.  
August 11th 1861

**Dear Father & folks at home**

Once more we are in the land of light where there is something to be seen like home. As I heard the Bells of the church going people, It made me feel like as if I was at home. I am glad to be here as it is more healthy and a verry pleasant plaice.

We started from Williamsport on Friday last, was two days on the road, some 36 miles. I stood the march verry well, went on guard as soon as came to town. And just came of (off) this P.M. Arthur rode as much as he liked as he did not feel verry well.

We are all sutied with our change of position, only our left wing has moved, but we expect the Other part of our Reg in a week or so. I have not seen so many Union Flags since we left home. The people seemd to be pleased with our presence.

Their Legislature closed the night before we came, thats one reason of our coming here. There is some secessionst here but not enough to carry the day. I think secession is ding (dying) out here bye what I have seen. All along on the road the people was verry patriotic. One old lady came a mile with her basket of eatables for us, and other plaices where the people envited us in to get some thing to eat. All seemed to be pleased with our

troops.

We do not carry our napsacks as we did when you last see us, have not carried them since we left Hartford. The prospect is now that we shall stay here some time, perhaps form our Brigade here. This plaice is to the general (?) depot for the present. There is companies forming here of cavelry. I heard they were going with us.

I have to write with a pencil because there is no plaice (?). Necessity makes me ask you to send some material to write with. I would not ask you if I could get a long without. I have expected pay before this and on that acount have not asked you. I have borrowed untill I cannot borrow longer. When I get my pay I will send home all that I can posible spare. I don't care what the paper is or the envelop, bye as cheap ones as you can and send to Fredric city Md.

Not send much at a time but send oftener. Your letters have all been rec'd I guess, as I have had one most every other night. Give my respects to all yr friends. I rather hear from my parents Bros & Sister than eny on (one) else.

*O H Graham  
Md.*

Frederick Junction  
August 18th 1861

**Dear Father**

Today finds me on guard in rather a dangerous plaice as we have the Rail Road Bridge to guard, as dangerous plaice as I have been in yet. Its considered so by our officers. I have not felt afraide before now, but must own up that for once I have felt rather scary. I hop I am getting over it now.

Our Regt has come to Frederick now and there is some prospect of our being together once more.

We are within one half hour ride of Harpers Ferry, so you see that we can get the news often.

My health is good as usual as you may know by our being on guard every night for a week. Stand guard every night. We have had no ocasion to fire on enny of the enemy as yet. We did expect it the first night as Genrl. Banks

sent us here in a hurry. We have good quarters now as we have taken the out houses to sleep in & we have a new cook too a duskey man hired for \$10 a month, much better than our old one, who we had to pay \$40 a month.

Arthur is writing home today. Lieutenant Soby has resigned and gone home. I do not know the reason why. Our Capt is left with out help But the Sergeants.

The place we are in now is a fine place. I have not felt as heppy this long time as at present with our new position. It seems like coming out of jail or some other sinister place.

I have had a nice meal of Peaches, some that I begged. I gegin to feel that the next time we move we shall go with Division. I hope we shall for places like these are dangerous. I do not like guarding at all. I believe that I had as soon be in the army as to be left behind to guard.

We have not got our Rifles yet. I do not expect that we shall have them. There is some of our company that has gone & Frank Hack is one. The Capt did not think much of him, consequently does not think much of it. There is plenty of Secession here, But they are afraid of Union men.

I am trying to serve God in my weak and feeble way. But hope and trust & pray that I may go through this fiery trial without the smell of Sin upon my character & my prayer is that God will help me. Father pray for your son, that if consistent with his will, I may return to you sound in mind, all the better for the influence that is around me now. I cannot ask you to pray for me unless I pray for myself. I can ashure you that I take every oportunity thats granted for that very purpose. I feel this morning like puting my trust in Him, one that able to shield.

I had rather have letters from my own folks than enny other person on earth. I have a great many friends that want to hear from me, But their letters remain unanswered. I think that I might as well close all correspondence with them except a few of my best friends.

*O. H. Graham*





Birthplace of Oscar Graham, 8 Simsbury Rd, West Granby, Conn.

Frederick City, Md.

August 18th 1861

**Dear Bro & Sisters**

I see you want me to write you and cannot get along without it verry well. I am glad to hear from you all at once and would like to write oftener, but you know that It'll take a good deal of money in the course of a year if I should write to you all seperate. And beside all that, you cannot think what a plaice we have to write upon.

I had as soon write you as enny one, But you know the older ones ought to be atended to

first. So you see I shall write to Father & Mother first & then you. So do not be discouraged for I remember you yet & shall, before ennyone else outside of the family.

Rosalie, I am verry much obliged to you for your advise, and shall try to adhere to your counsell. Your advise is good and came in season for efect. I have left off the habit of useing Tobacco since you wrote me the last. Your words were not atall too plain, but were effective. I hope will produce a good result. Go on and God will Bless you in your labors.

Estella is also verry cheering to me, her

words are comforting. (Adelbert) "Bubbie" is finely received. It make me laugh to hear from him. I think (if I can judge by the rest of the family) that Bubbie is not afraid to go (to) war, if the Home Guards are. Bubbie had better go and fight for the whole company. If I live to get home I antisipate great times drilling said Bubbie.

But I do not plaice much on my coming home, because I don't know one day from another where I shall be, among the dead or liveing.

Adelbert, you letter was verry good indeed and shall care about Quaker Street enny more or worry any thing about it.

The next time you hear of a battle with Genrl Banks Division you may think I am there..

*You afectionate Bro  
O. H. Graham*

My adress is Frederick City, Md.  
care of Capt. Burbank

## Service Record

1st Regt. CV Heavy Artillery Co. C

Sgt. Oscar H. Graham of Suffield enlist and muster in 23 May 1861, muster Pvt., promoted Corp. 18 Apr. 1862, re-enlist Vet 17 Dec. 1863, promoted Sgt. 10 Jan 1864, M.O. 25 Sept 1865.

Pvt. Arthur H. Graham of Suffield enlist a muster in 23 May 1861 discharged 22 May 1864 term expired.

Siege of Yorktown, Va. Apr. 30 - May 4, 1862

Hanover Courthouse, Va. May 27, 1862

Gaines Mills, Va. May 31 - June 20, 1862

Chickahominy, Va. June 25, 1862

Golden Hill, Va. June 27, 1862

Malvern Hill, Va. July 1, 1862

Siege of Petersburg and Richmond, Va. May 1864 - April 1865

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## Gentle Spring, Wait




The earth is yet too cold, gentle spring.  
Wait awhile e'er you earth's coverlet fling,  
Exposing those tiny, delicate flowers  
Which a cold snap will spoil in a few brief hours.


We look forward to your coming each year  
Dear spring, but a few weeks' delay no tear  
Will form, nor grimace be made.  
Wait 'til the time is right for you, lovely maid.




Of all the seasons, yours is most awesome;  
The re-birth of nature, more miracle to come.  
True, winter and summer have fun and food in store  
While autumn shows scenic grandeur galore.



Soft zephyrs will join your arrival, sweet spring.  
Then the snowdrop, crocus and bluet will bring  
Their precious blossoms to join a gay parade  
Of tender newcomers you've called from cold winter's shade.



God sends another, His sweet singer, Israfel,  
Who come to the warm earth our minstrels to tell:  
"'Tis time, you winged darlings, sing with my lute,  
Robin, bluebird and all songsters, no longer be mute."



So - welcome, spring - thanks for waiting!  
The air is filled with melody by your delaying.  
Spring-fresh colors and fragrances will delight and remain  
Heart-warming memories 'til you return again.

Helen E. Scott  
Chester, Ma.



## The Old Town Green

It's just a familiar place in the road,  
All grassy green and neatly mowed.  
A place to turn to the left or right,  
Taken for granted, a common sight.  
Next to a church in the center of town.  
It's where the stately old monument's found.  
Years back, an ice cream social, concert and band  
There with speeches and talks on the old grandstand.  
Now a spot for the youth to meet  
Perhaps for some, a date to keep.  
For others, a bench for rest, watch cars go by,  
A place to talk, perhaps get a ride.  
Now there's the big glassed-in frame  
With people who've served, name after name.  
Just see that flag, its colors so bright  
Waving and busy, at a great height.  
The cannon preserved all through the years,  
A reminder of war, the dead, the tears,  
The board on a post with a notice to show  
The next town meeting, a place to go.  
Forgotten the days when the Green was made  
With trees put there to give us shade.  
A Green that shows off the center of town  
The flag, the cannon, old fence all around.  
Let's remember, it's more than a Green, a place to pass,  
It's historic, a marker, *Our Present, Our Past!*

Alta Crowley







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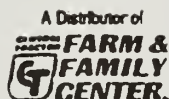
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